



MONTÉ HALE

No 87

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

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BUR THE WAITER

WAITER BAITER!



the CULTURE CORNER

HOW TO BITE A HOT DOG RIGHT

CONDUCTED BY
CROUCHER K. CONK, Q.O.C.
(QUEER OLD COOT)



WHEN YOU BURY YOUR BITERS IN A BUN, DOES THE WIENER INSIDE SLIDE ASIDE? THEN HERE'S A CLUE ON WHAT TO DO....

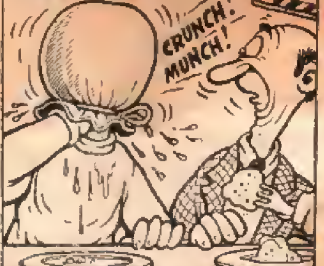
WHENEVER THAT HOT DOG SLIPS AWAY, IT CAN BE VERY ANNOYING...



.... ESPECIALLY TO OTHERS!



ONE WAY TO AVOID THIS IS TO WEAR A BAG OVER YOUR NOGGIN WHILE EATING...



HOWEVER, IF THE HOT DOG SLIPS LOOSE INSIDE THE BAG, YOU'LL END UP A MESS--ESPECIALLY IF YOU LIKE LOTS OF MUSTARD...



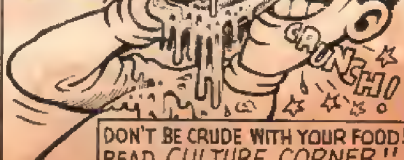
ANOTHER METHOD IS TO TIE A ROPE AROUND THE SANDWICH, BUT THEN THE KNOT IS ALWAYS HARD TO EAT!



THE PROPER, CULTURAL WAY IS TO OMIT THE MUSTARD AND SMEAR ON TAR, HARDENED MOLASSES OR FAST-DRYING GLUE.



THIS WILL CEMENT THE WIENER TO THE BUN, AND YOU CAN SAFELY SINK YOUR SNAPPERS INTO THEM WITHOUT LOSING ANYTHING! (EXCEPT MAYBE YOUR SNAPPERS.)

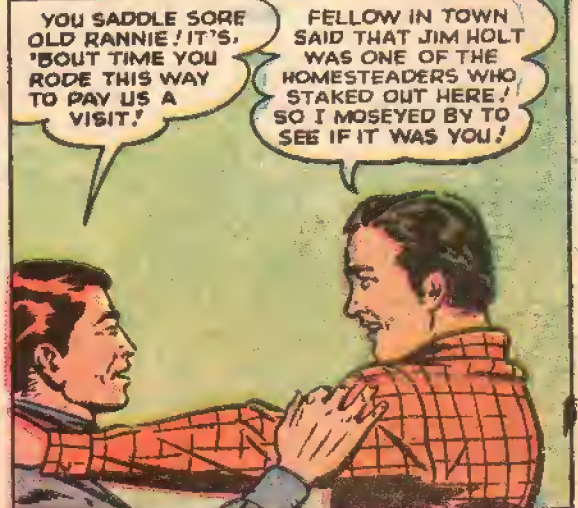
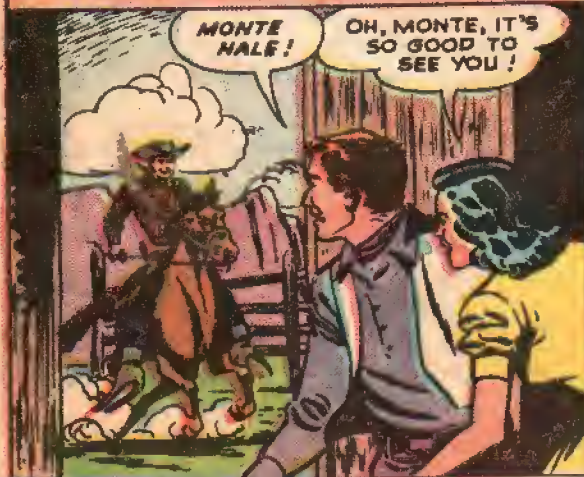


DON'T BE CRUDE WITH YOUR FOOD!
READ CULTURE CORNER!!

MONTE HALE WESTERN



IT WAS A WELCOME TO WARM ANYONE'S HEART...



MONTE HALE WESTERN

YOU WOULD'VE KNOWN IT WUZ ME IF YOU STAYED STILL LONG ENUF TO GIT YORE MAIL! I WROTE YOU ALL 'BOUT IT!

YO'RE JUST IN TIME FER DINNER, MONTE! DRAW UP A CHAIR!



ONE OF THE DELIGHTS A WANDERING COWBOY MISSES MOST IS A GOOD HOME-COOKED MEAL....

UMM! THIS SURE IS GOOD! HOW'VE YOU AND JIM BEEN MAKING OUT HERE, PATRICIA?

NOT SO WELL, MONTE!

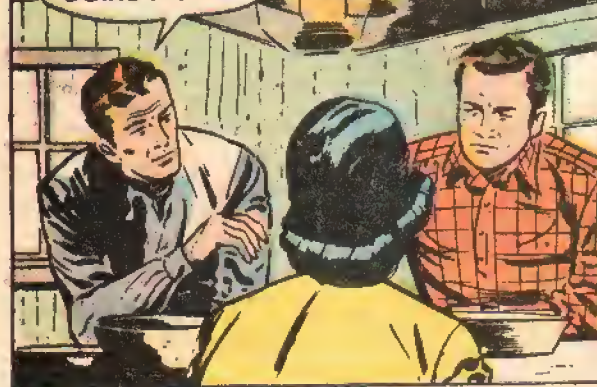


THAT'S A GROUP OF US HOME-STEADERS WHO HAVE STAKED OUT OUR FARMS ON THIS PARCEL OF LAND! THE CLAIMS WERE GIVEN US BY THE GOVERNMENT! IT'S GOVERNMENT LAND, TOO... BUT BULL DRISCOLL DOESN'T SEEM TO THINK SO!



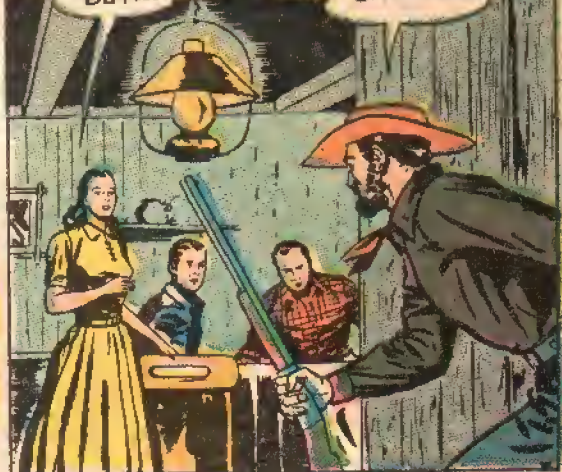
BULL DRISCOLL RUNS THE LAZY Y RANCH! DRISCOLL USED TO LET HIS CATTLE GRAZE ON THE GOVERNMENT LAND! NOW HE INSISTS ON THE RIGHT TO KEEP DOING IT!

GRAZING CATTLE SURE CAN RAISE HOB WITH A FARMER'S CROPS!



WE'VE ASKED HIM TO STOP, BUT...

GIT YORE HOSS, JIM! TROUBLE'S BREWING!



BULL DRISCOLL'S TURNED HIS WHOLE HERD LOOSE ON OUR FARMS! THEY'RE TRAMPLING THE CROPS, AND HE'S DARED US TO STOP HIM!

RECKON I'LL MOSEY ALONG WITH YOU! JUST IN CASE IT GETS TO BE A SHOOTING ARGUMENT!

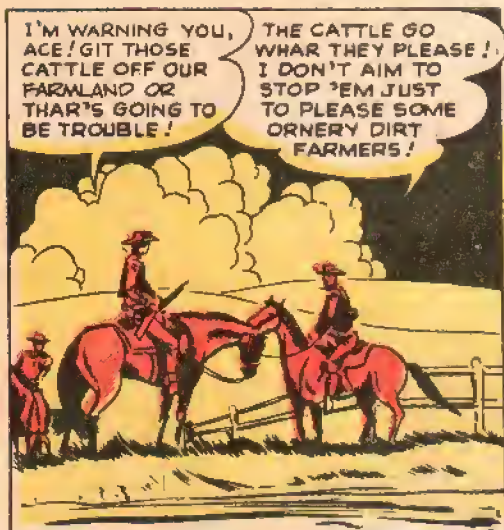


HERE COME THE HOMESTEADERS NOW, ACE!

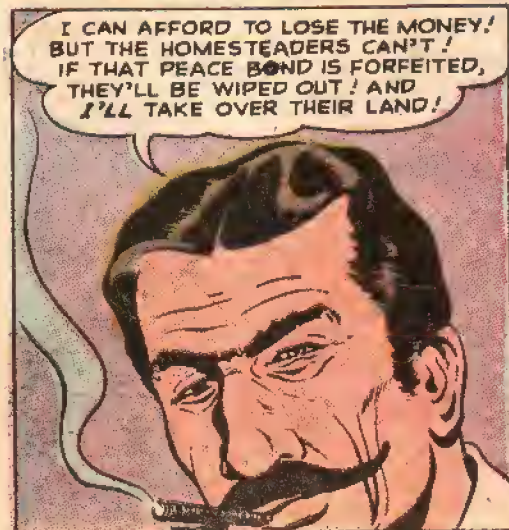
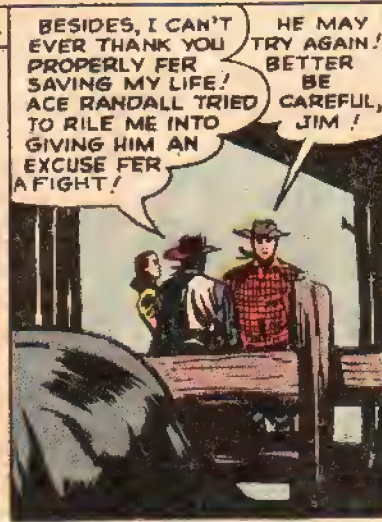
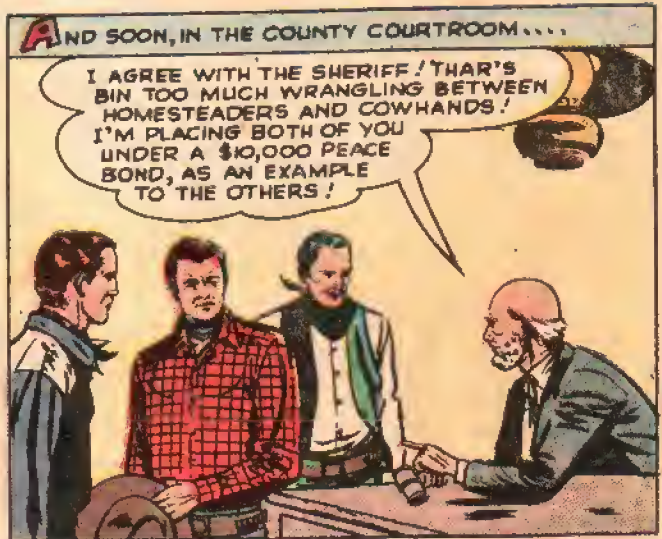
IF THEY'RE LOOKING FER TROUBLE, ACE RANDALL KNOWS HOW TO GIVE THEM A HANDFUL!



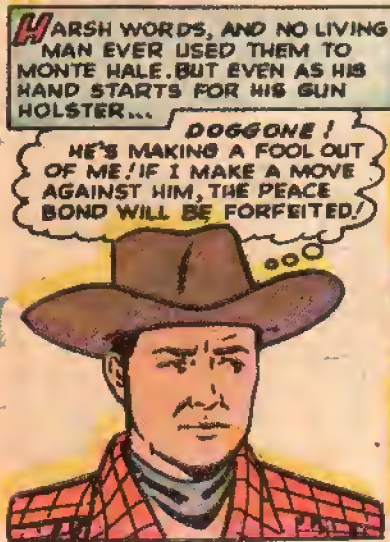
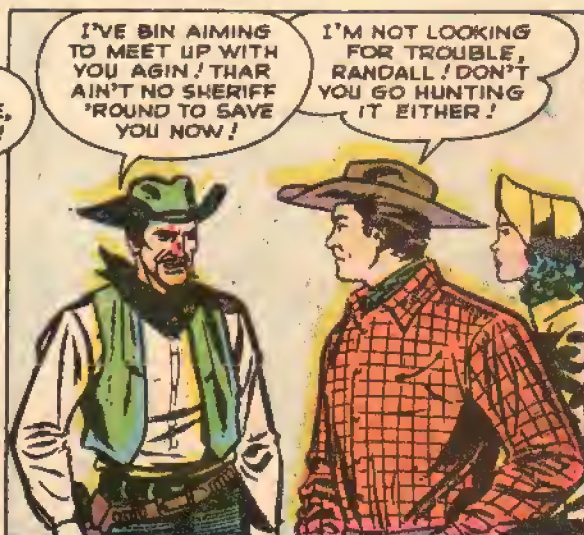
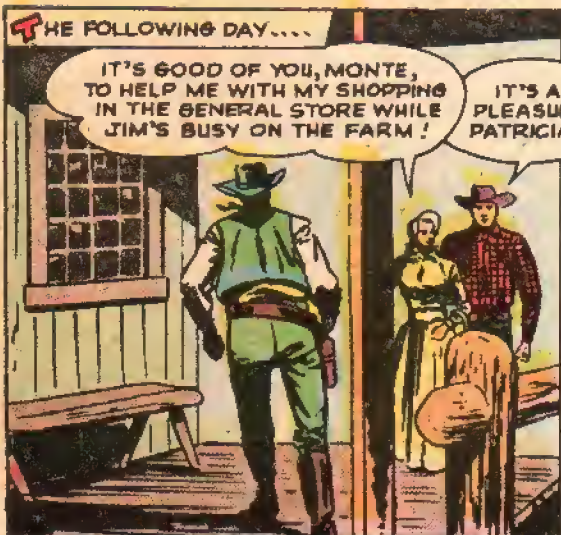
MONTE HALE WESTERN



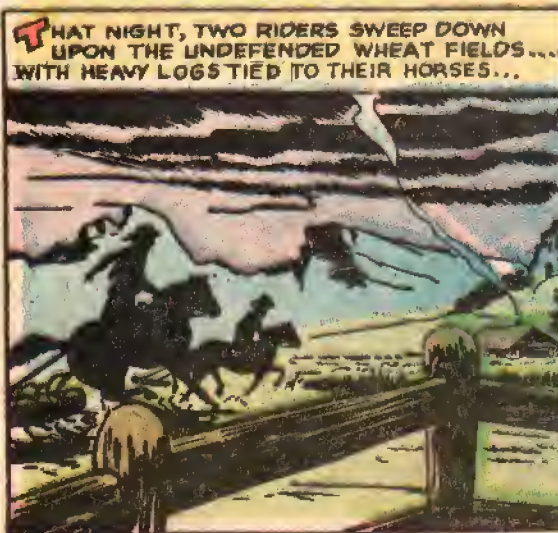
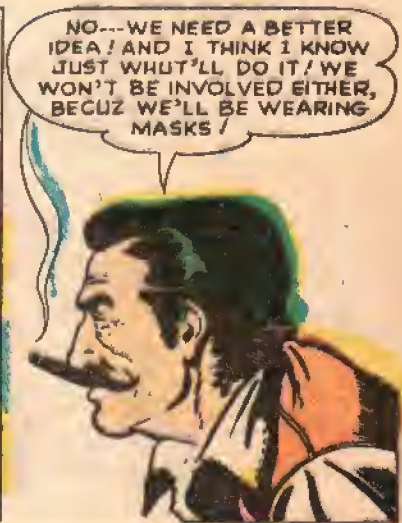
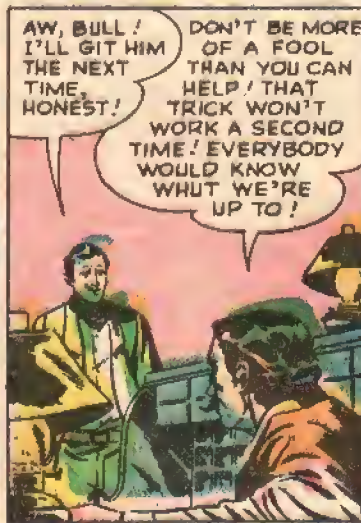
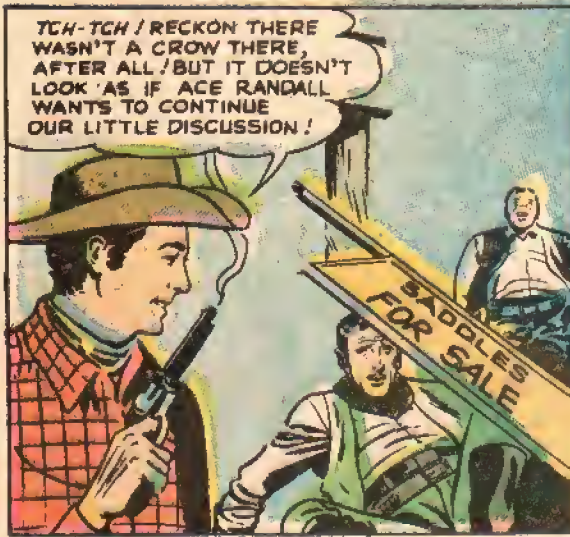
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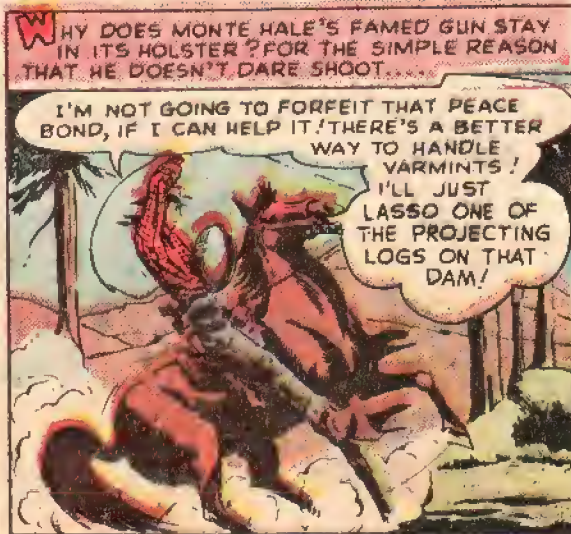
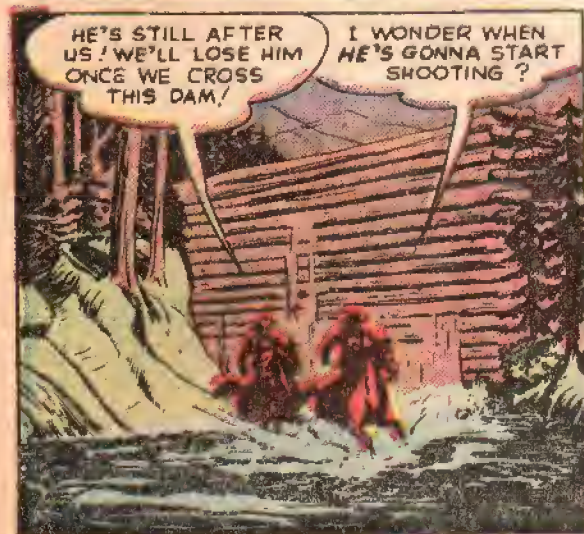
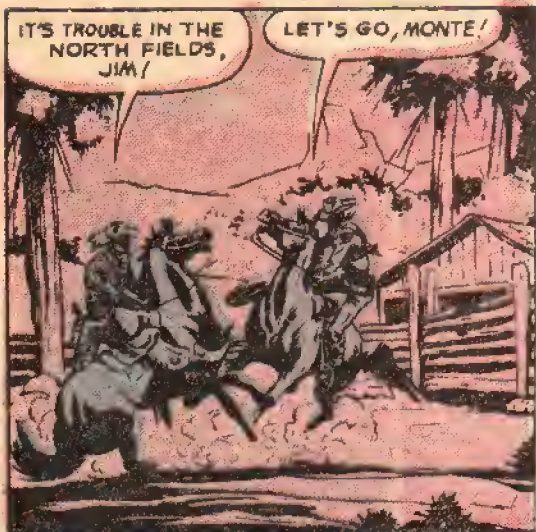
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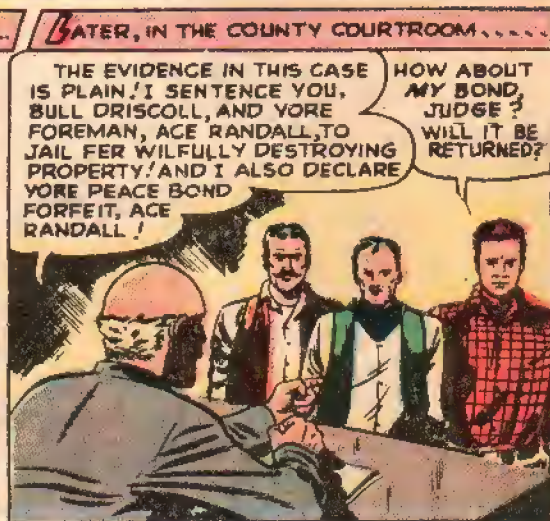
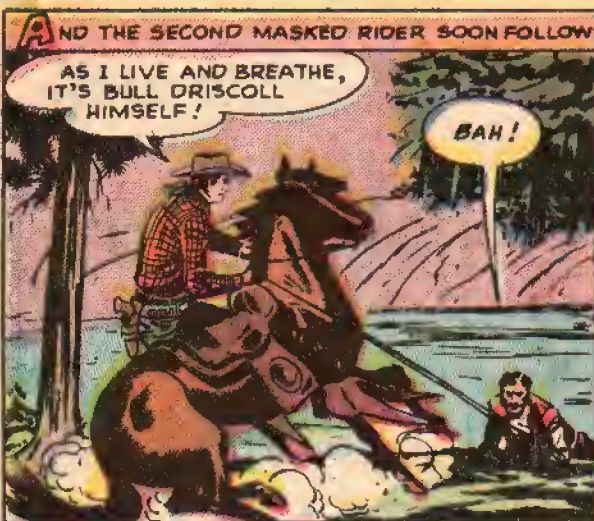
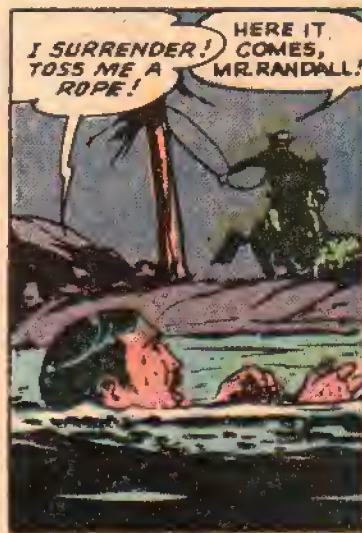
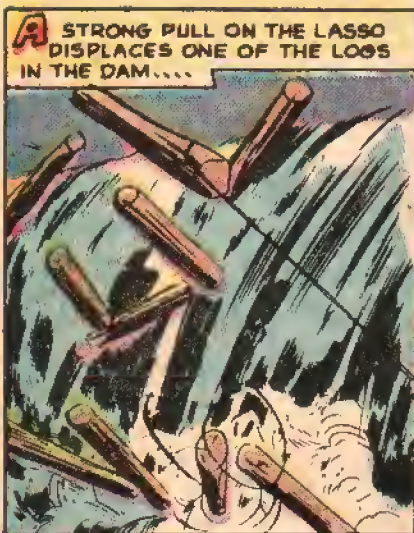
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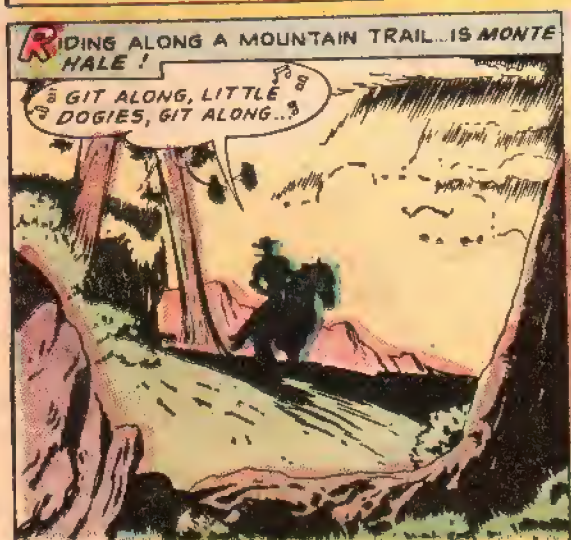
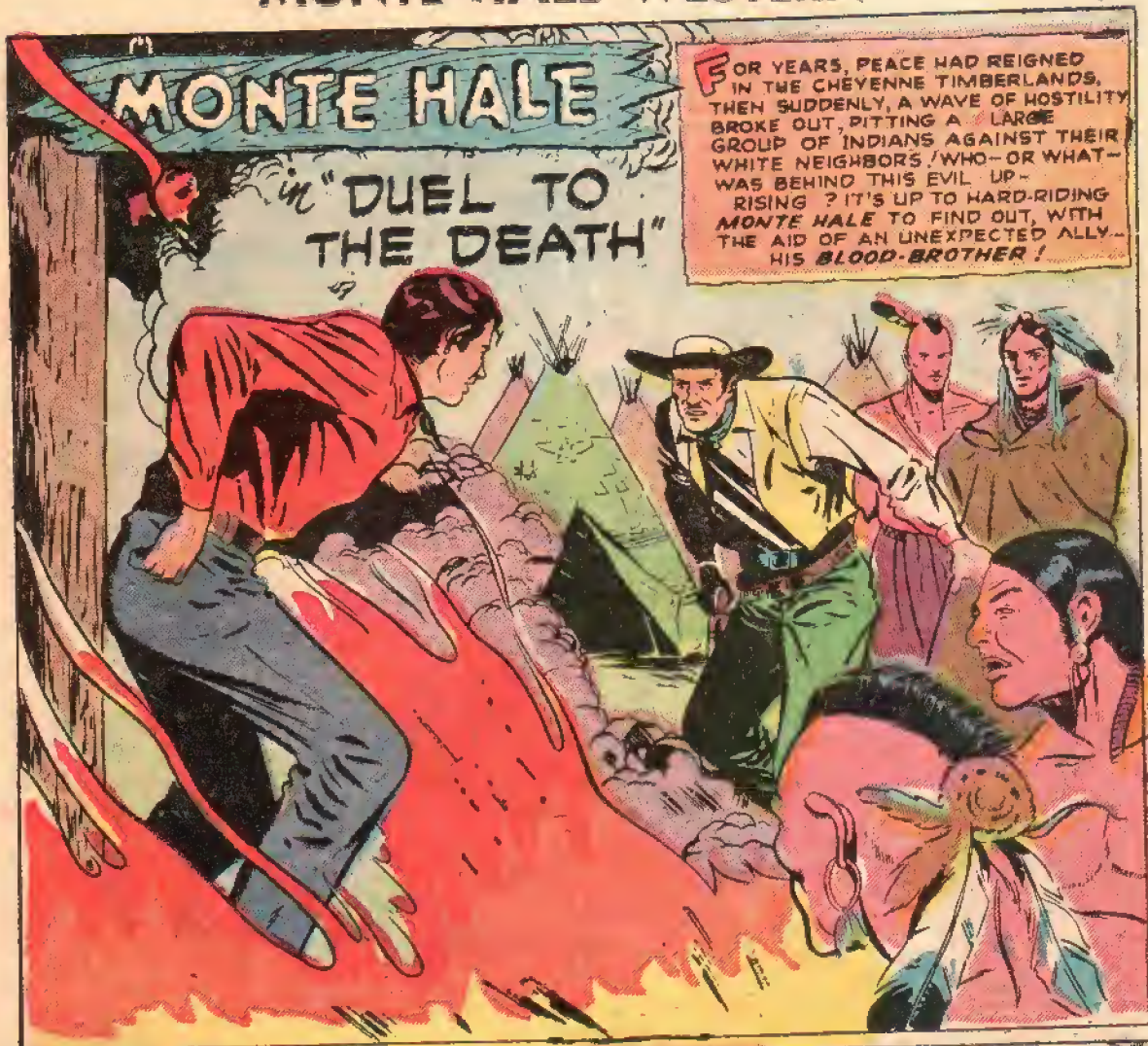
MONTE HALE WESTERN



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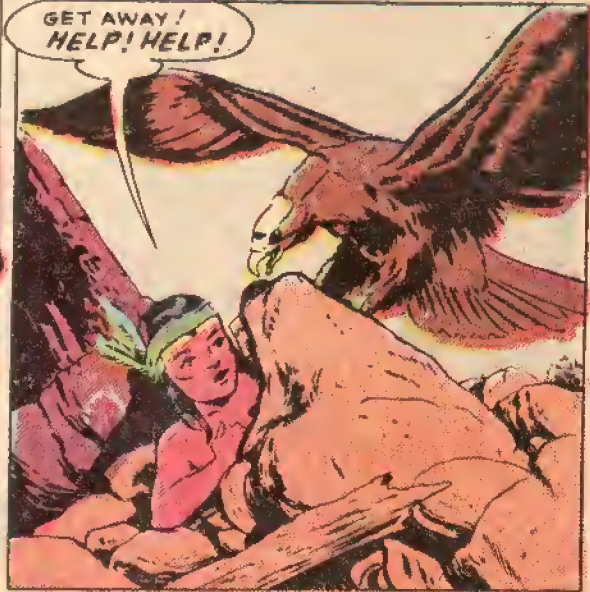


MONTE HALE WESTERN

IT'S AN INDIAN BOY!
HE'S STUCK NEATH
A GIANT BOULDER, AND
HE'S BEING ANNOYED
BY A HUGE EAGLE!



GET AWAY!
HELP! HELP!



I CAN'T SHOOT BECAUSE
I'D RISK HITTING THE BOY!
SO INSTEAD, I'LL RIP
THIS BRANCH LOOSE...



...AND USE
IT AS A
PERSUADER!



MONTE USES THE BRANCH TO
CHASE THE BIG BIRD AWAY...



THERE! THAT'LL
TAKE THE PLAY
OUT OF HIM!



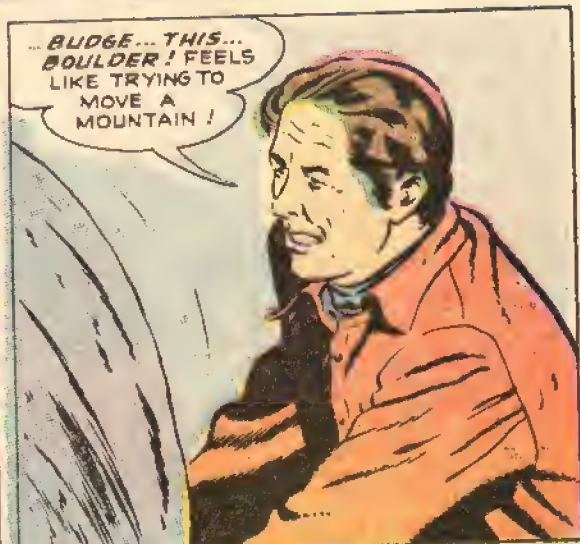
THE EAGLE FLEES...

I RECKON HE DIDN'T
CARE FOR ANYONE
WHO WOULDN'T PLAY.
TELL ME, SON, HOW'D
YOU GET IN THIS
TANGLE?

MY PONY
SLIPPED...
FELL
DOWN
MOUNTAIN-
SIDE. I GOT
WEDGED
UNDER ROCK...
AND EAGLE
CAME DOWN! I



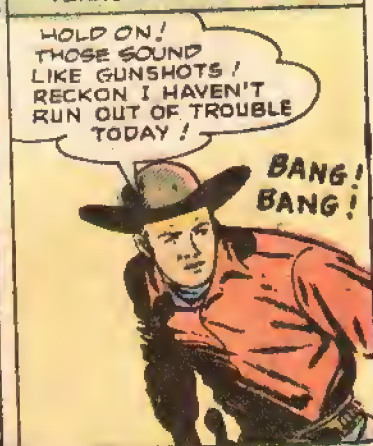
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AS MONTE HALE DRESSES THE YOUNG INDIAN'S ARM...



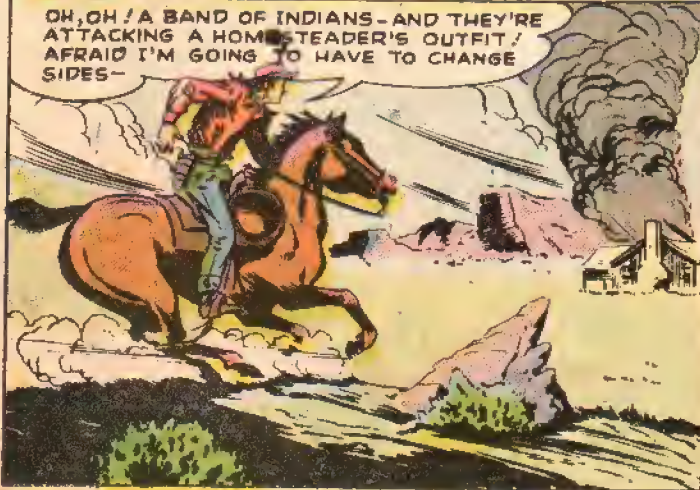
BUT SUDDENLY, AS MONTE TURNS HIS HORSE'S HEAD...



MONTE HALE WESTERN

ONCE AGAIN, MONTE FLASHES INTO ACTION!

OH, OH! A BAND OF INDIANS—AND THEY'RE ATTACKING A HOMESTEADER'S OUTFIT! AFRAID I'M GOING TO HAVE TO CHANGE SIDES—



—IF I'M TO STICK WITH THE UNDERDOS!



NEED ANY HELP, MISTER?

A STRANGER! I SHORE DO, IF I HOPE TUH KEEP THE SCALP ON MY HEAD! THOSE VARMINTS OUT THAR CAUGHT ME BY SURPRISE... BUT I RECKON THEY WON'T BE SO SASSY NOW!

WITH MONTE'S UNERRING GUN IN PLAY, THE ODDS ARE EQUALLED!

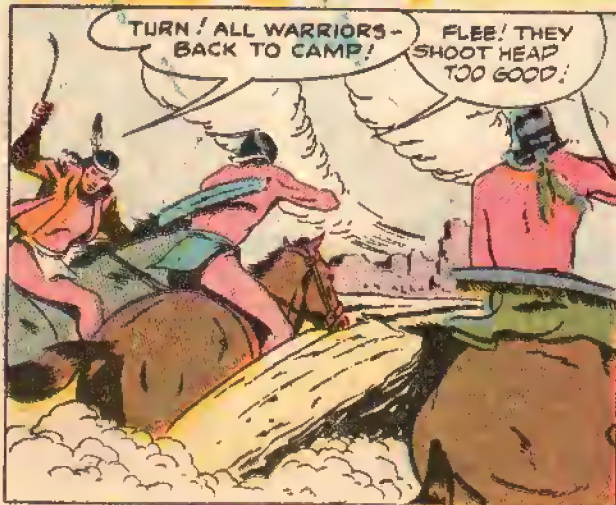


NICE GOING, STRANGER! THAT'S THE SECOND YUH'VE WINGED!



TURN! ALL WARRIORS—BACK TO CAMP!

FLEE! THEY SHOOT HEAD TOO GOOD!



THAR THEY GO, STRANGER! YUH'VE DRIVEN THEM OFF—WITHOUT TOO MUCH DAMAGE...EXCEPT TUH THEM!

TELL ME, WHY DID THEY ATTACK YOU? WHAT WERE THEY AFTER? I THOUGHT THE CHEYENNES IN THESE PARTS WERE LIVING PEACEFULLY WITH THE WHITE SETTLERS!



MONTE HALE WESTERN

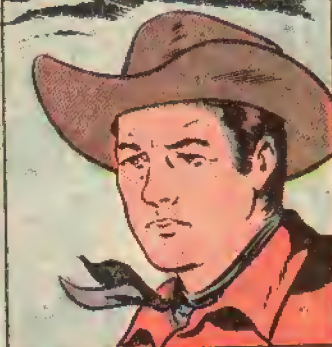
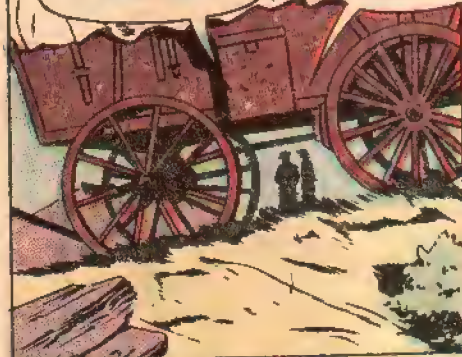
WE HAD BEEN GETTIN' ALONG FINE WITH THE INDIANS, ~~STRANGER~~ UNTIL JEST LAST WEEK. THEN THEY COMMENCED RAISIN' TROUBLE, ATTACKIN' OUR SHANTIES AND BURNIN' OUR CROPS. NO ONE KNOWS WHY...

I SEE! BUT SOMEONE HAD BETTER FIND OUT!

IT'S GETTING DARK, BUT I THINK I CAN FOLLOW THE CHEYENNES' TRAIL TO THEIR CAMP. THEN WE'LL SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

THROUGH THE GATHERING DUSK, MONTE HALE PURSUES THE INDIANS. THEN...

THERE'S A FIRE...AND TEPEES! MUST BE THE INDIAN'S CAMP. I'LL DISMOUNT AND WRIGGLE UP...



...LIZARD-LIKE. THEY SEEM TO BE HAVING SOME KIND OF MEETING. THINK I'LL LISTEN IN!



THEN, O CHIEF, A SECOND MAN JOINED THE FARMER. HIS EYE WAS AS THAT OF THE LYNX, AND HIS BLOW AS THAT OF THE GREAT BEAR!

SO YOU WERE DRIVEN OFF?



BAH! I TELL YUH, GRAY WOLF, TUH DRIVE THESE NESTERS OUT OF HYAR—YUH'VE GOT TUH SEND YORE WHOLE TRIBE ON THE WARPATH!

BUT WE DO NOT WANT WAR WITH ALL THE WHITE MEN, DIRK BARTER... ONLY WITH THOSE WHO ARE TAKING OUR LAND!

LISTEN TUH ME, CHIEF! TUH BE SAFE—YUH'VE GOT TUH DRIVE THEM ALL AWAY! THET'S WHY I'M SUPPLYING YUH WITH GUNS AND AMMUNITION!

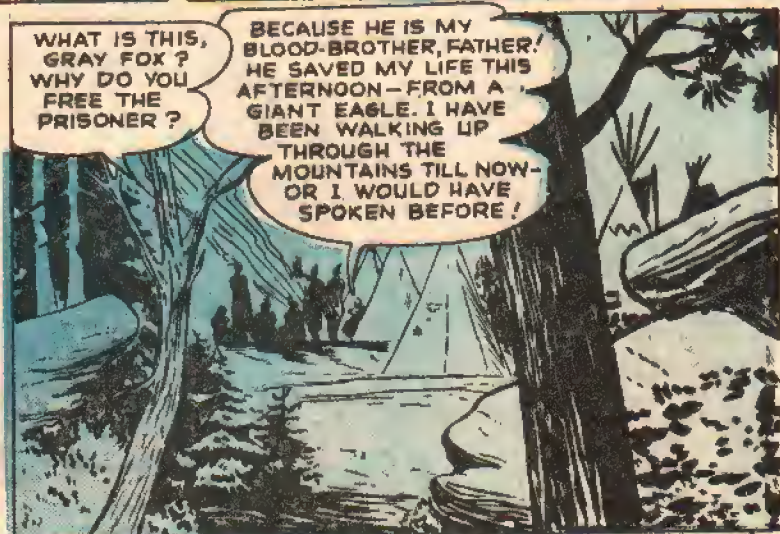


WHAT'S THIS? IS BARTER, THE MAN WHO'S BEEN STIRRING UP THE CHEYENNES.

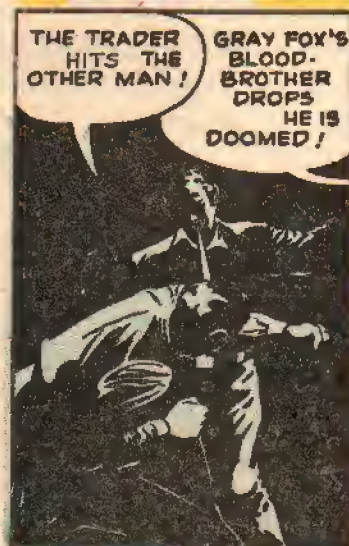
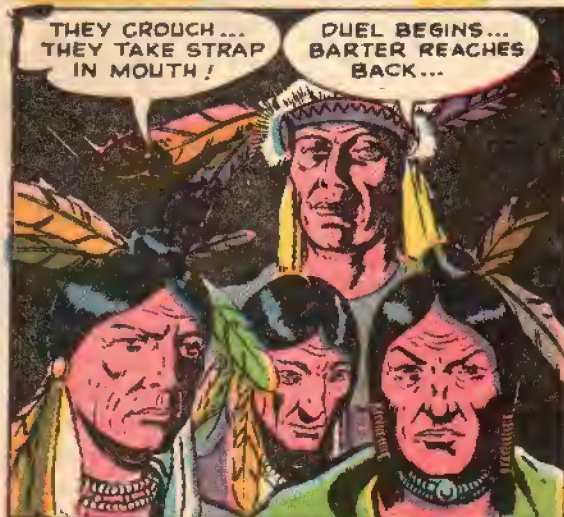
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THEN, AS MONTE RECOVERS...

NOW IT'S YOUR TURN TO TAKE IT, BARTER!

NO! I WON'T LET YUH GET ME! I'LL ESCAPE!

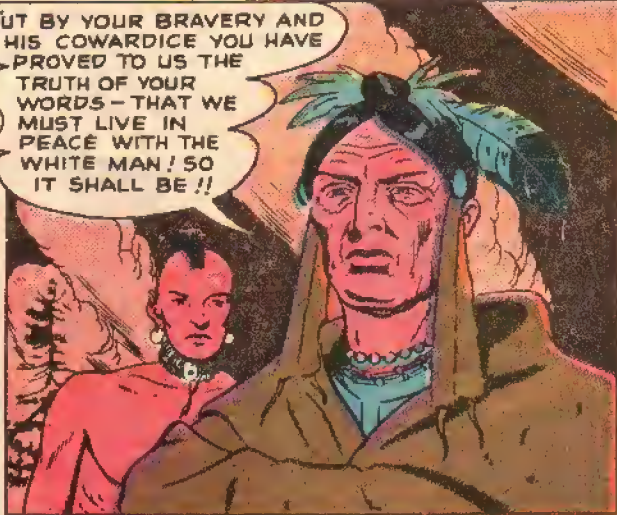
I'LL GET AWA—

AS BARTER FALLS THE STRAP DROPS FREE AND MONTE WINS THE TEST OF TRUTH.

NOW GRAY WOLF I'M TAKING BARTER IN TO TOWN AND PUT HIM IN JAIL!

HE WELL DESERVES WHAT-EVER PUNISH-MENT HE GETS, MY FRIEND!

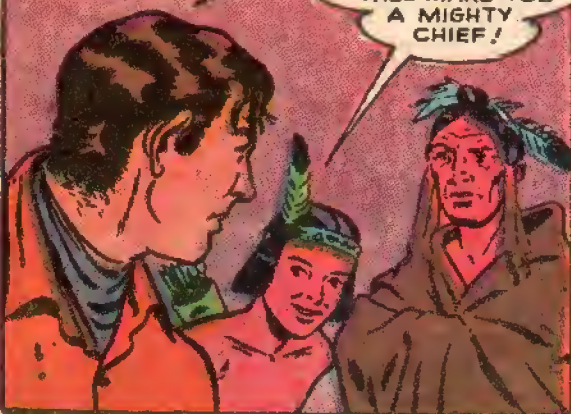
BUT BY YOUR BRAVERY AND HIS COWARDICE YOU HAVE PROVED TO US THE TRUTH OF YOUR WORDS—THAT WE MUST LIVE IN PEACE WITH THE WHITE MAN! SO IT SHALL BE!!



THEN WE BOTH OWE THANKS TO YOUR SON AND MY BLOOD-BROTHER, GRAY FOX!

TELL ME, BROTHER, WILL YOU REMAIN HERE IN THE CAMPS OF THE CHEYENNE? WE WILL MAKE YOU A MIGHTY CHIEF!

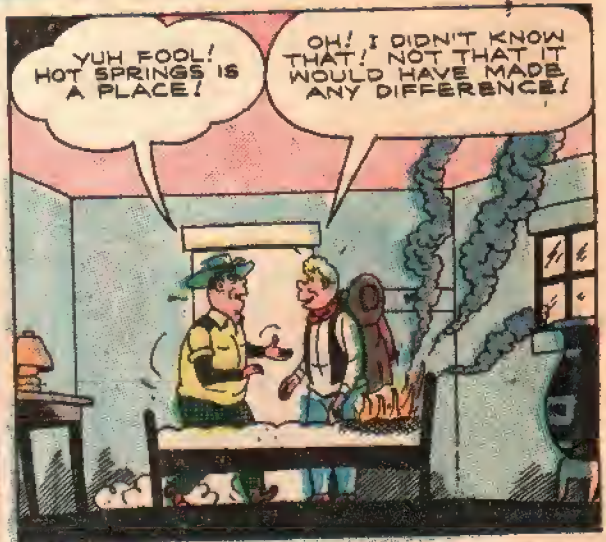
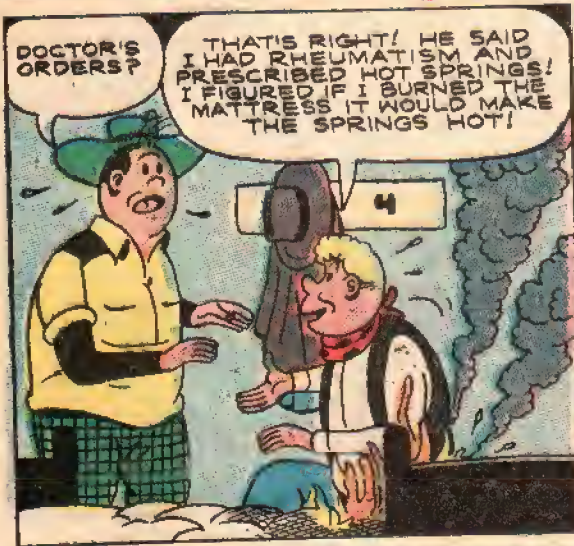
I RECKON I'M TOO MUCH OF A RAMBLER TO DO THAT! I'VE GOT TO KEEP MOVING, BUT—WHO KNOWS—MAYBE SOME DAY WE'LL MEET AGAIN!



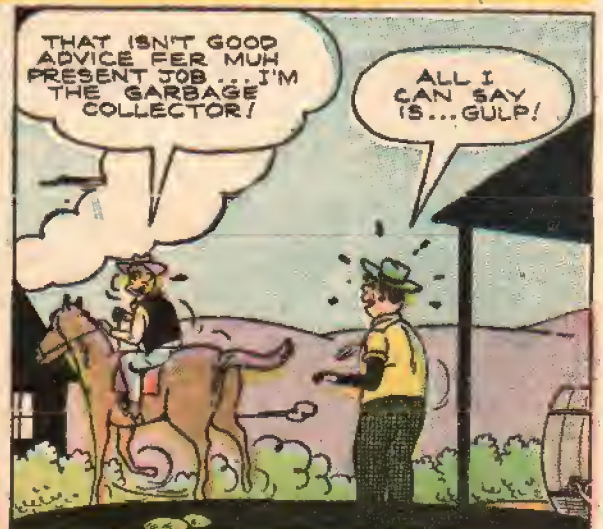
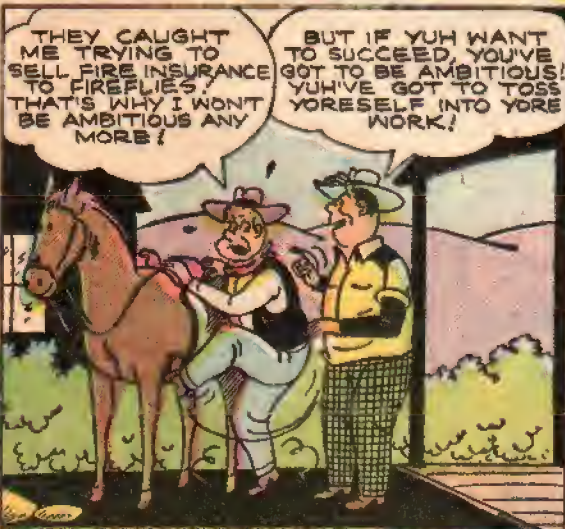
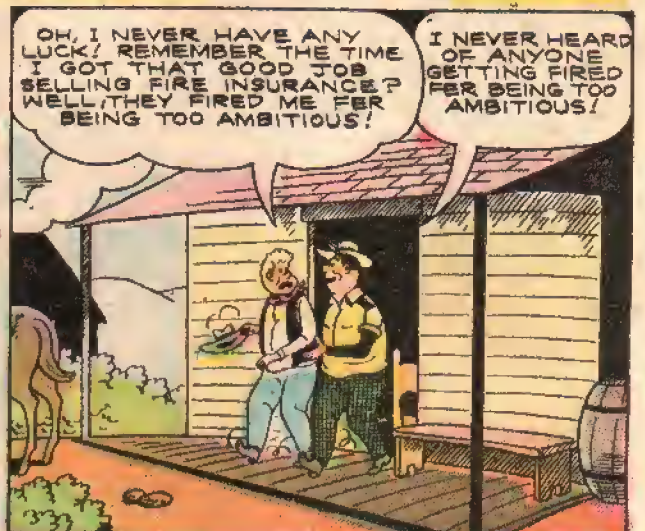
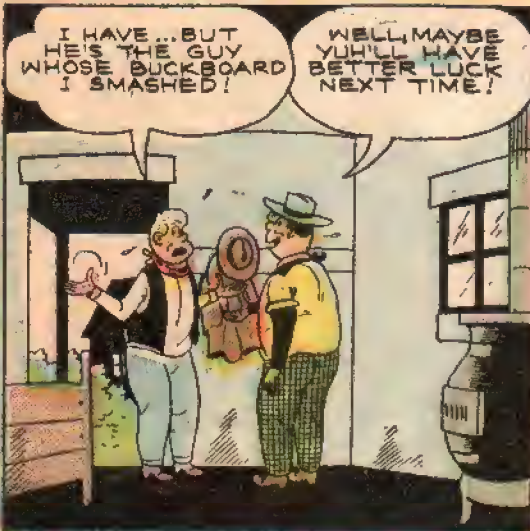
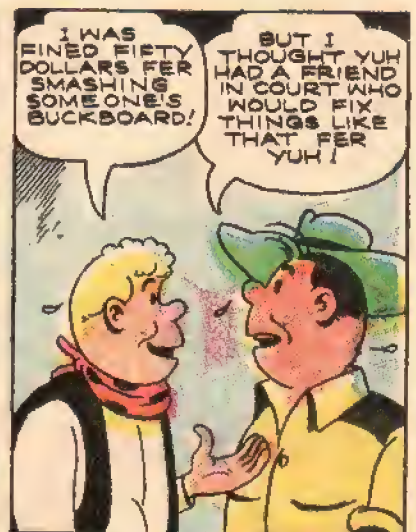
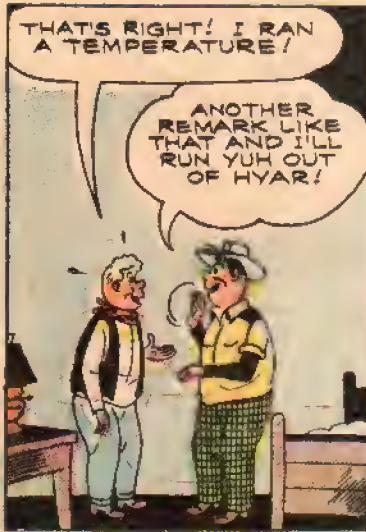
IF THEY DO MEET AGAIN, YOU CAN BET YOUR LAST SILVER DOLLAR THAT IT'LL BE IN ANOTHER PULSE-TINGLING WESTERN ADVENTURE...BE-CAUSE THAT'S THE KIND OF MAN MONTE HALE IS!!

MONTE HALE WESTERN

CAREY AND HARRY



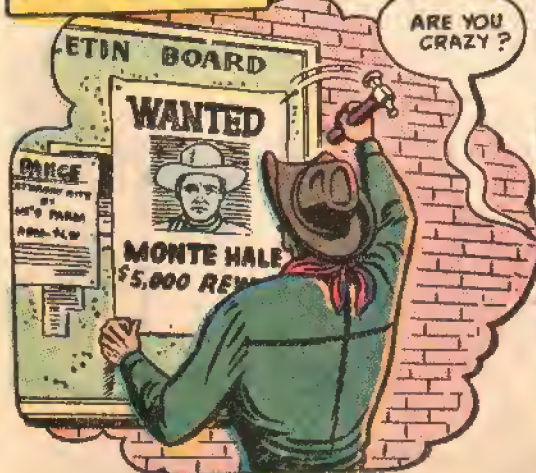
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IN GOLD DUST CITY, A MAN TACKS UP A WANTED POSTER!

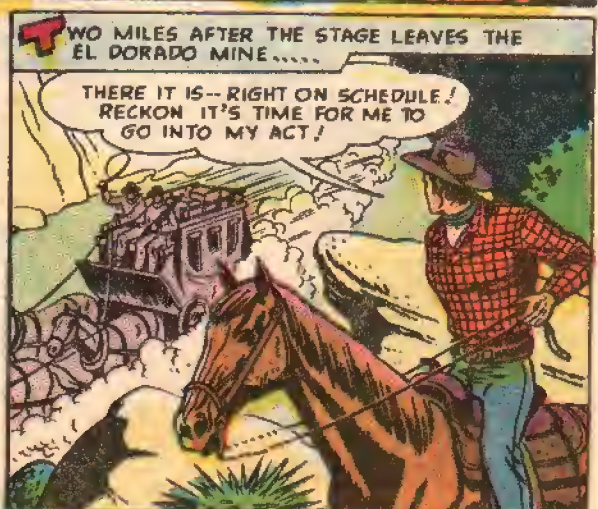
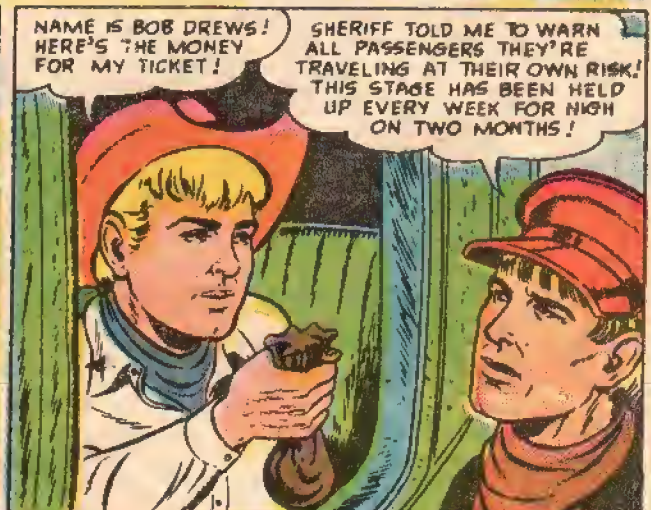


THAT'S A PICTURE OF MONTE HALE ON THAT POSTER! YOU'VE SURE GOT THE WRONG HOMBRE! MY FAMILY'S KNOWN MONTE HALE FOR YEARS-- AND HE'S NO OUTLAW!

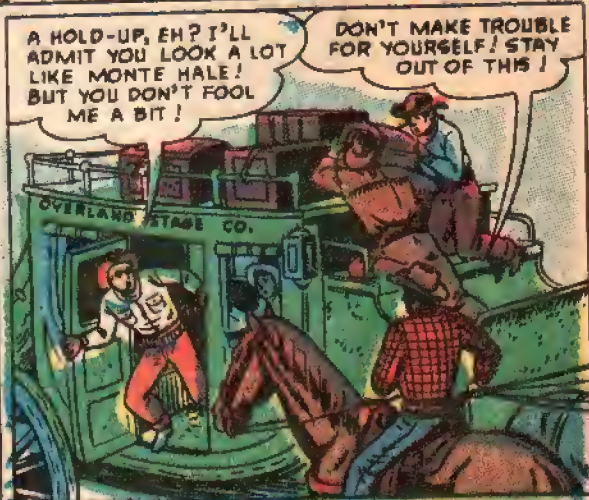
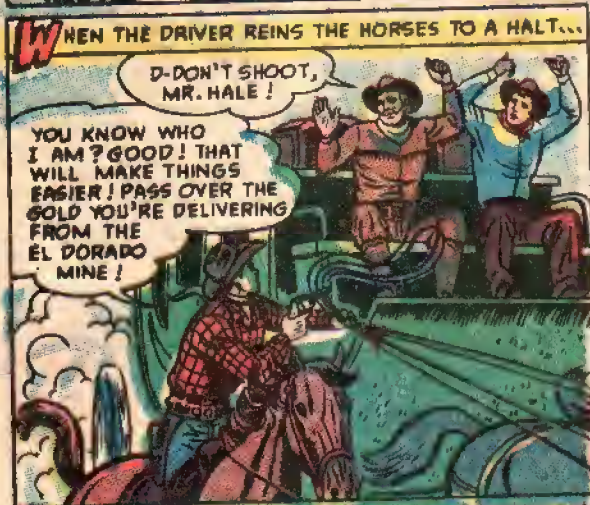
YUH SEE THE NAME ON IT, DON'T YUH? I RECKON MONTE HALE IS HIS HANDLE ALL RIGHT!



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SO LONG, SONNY!

IT'S TRUE! TH- THE GREATEST COWBOY I EVER KNEW HAS TURNED ... OUTLAW! AND- AND HE INSULTED ME, TOO!



MONTE HALE'S A TOUGH MAN WITH A GUN! BUT EVEN HE CAN'T BEAT THE LAW! HE'LL GET CAUGHT SOONER OR LATER!

IT WILL BE SOONER IF I CAN DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT!



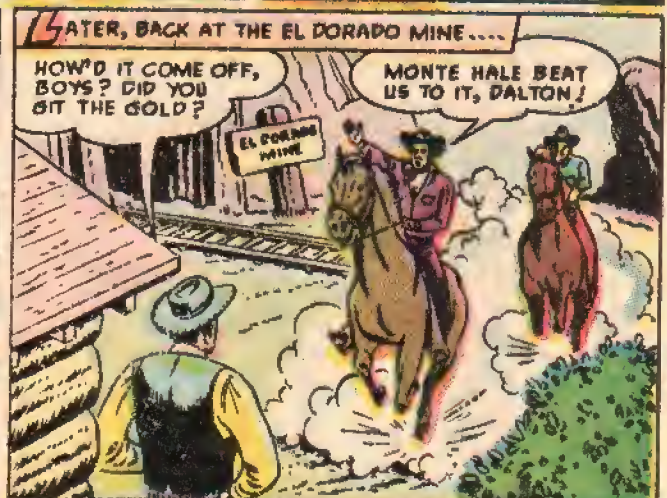
HOLD ON, YOUNGSTER! WHAR YUH HEADING?

I'M GOING AFTER MONTE HALE! I'LL BRING HIM AND THE STOLEN GOLD BACK, IF IT'S THE LAST THING I EVER DO!



IT SHORE ENOUGH WILL BE, I RECKON!

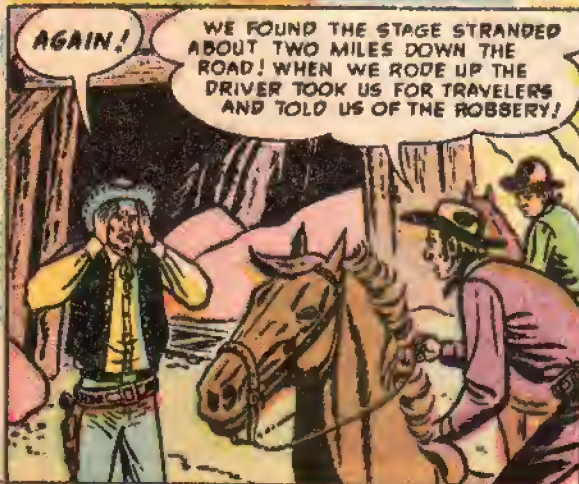
CRAZY YOUNG KID! HE'S NO MATCH FOR A GUNHAND LIKE MONTE HALE! WE'LL PROBABLY NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN--



LATER, BACK AT THE EL DORADO MINE....

HOW'D IT COME OFF, BOYS? DID YOU GET THE GOLD?

MONTE HALE BEAT US TO IT, DALTON!



AGAIN!

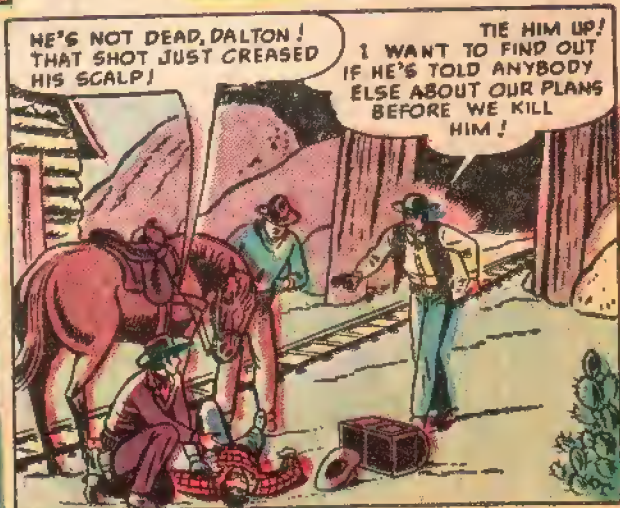
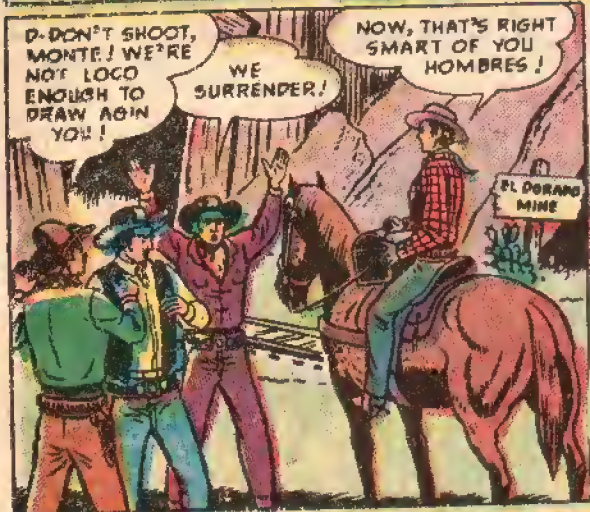
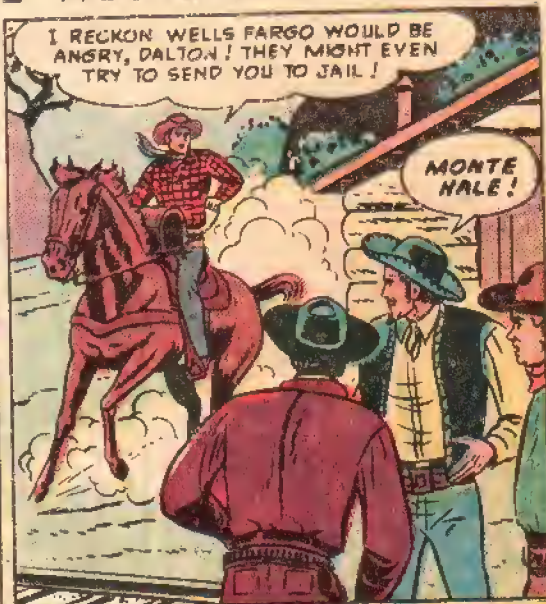
WE FOUND THE STAGE STRANDED ABOUT TWO MILES DOWN THE ROAD! WHEN WE RODE UP THE DRIVER TOOK US FOR TRAVELERS AND TOLD US OF THE ROBBERY!



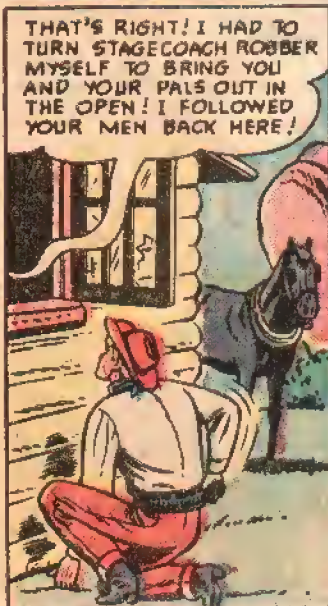
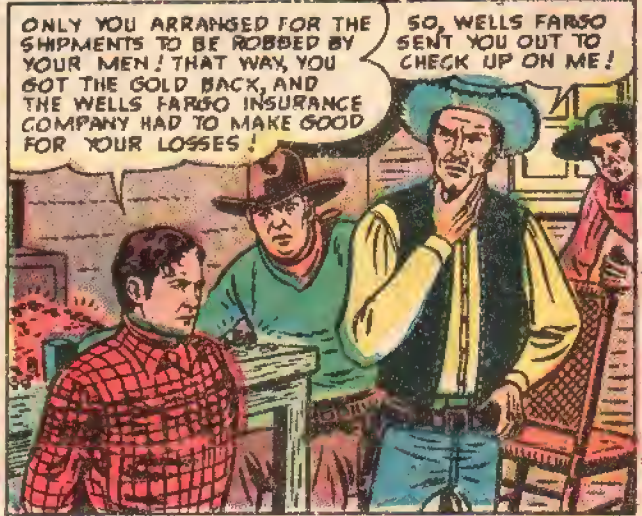
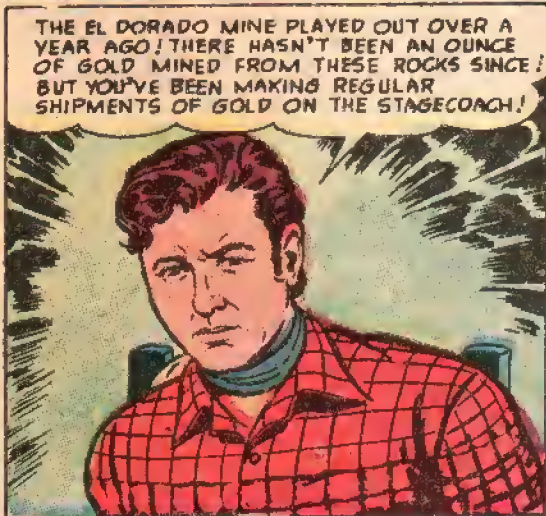
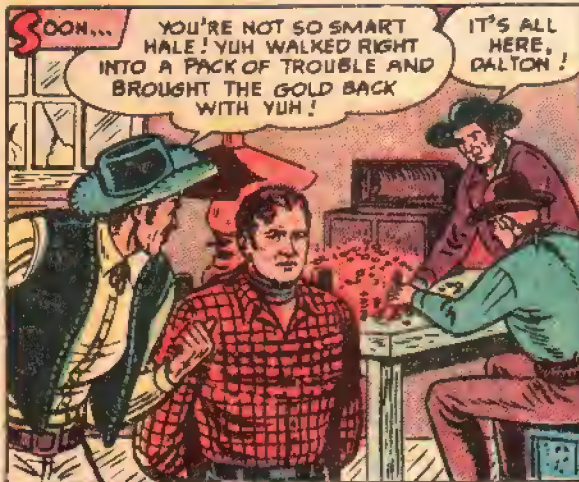
MONTE HALE MADE OFF WITH EVERY LAST PIECE OF THE GOLD!

HE CAN'T DO THAT TO ME!

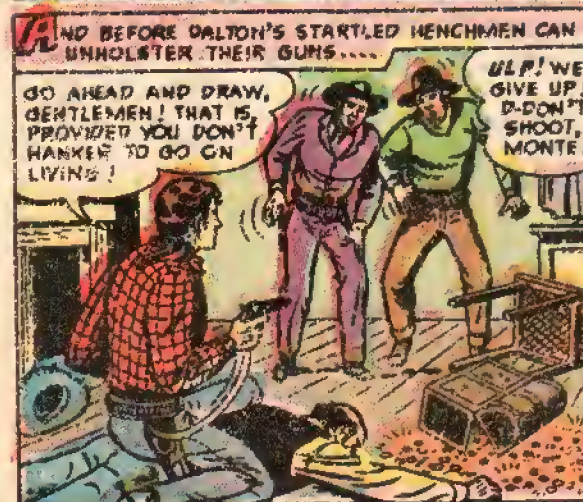
MONTE HALE WESTERN



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RIDING FOR A FALL



THEY had once been friends. Born on adjoining ranches, Tim Fry and Case Pearson had buddied together ever since they were no bigger than tumbleweeds. Neither had ever reckoned in those early days of easy laughter that their relations would come to their current state—a state in which there were no words, but merely stony silence and averted eyes.

The falling out had begun innocently enough, born of the natural desire of one youth to outshine the other. Both, even as youngsters, had been expert waddies with no visible edge in skill for either. That is, except in one department. Case had always been a better all-around rider than Tim. Yes, Tim could shoot and rope with the best, but even he granted that Case was the more expert horseman.

He had not begrudged Case this. Indeed, when they had been friends Tim had thrilled to see how easily Case could tame even the most ornery bronc. But he didn't any longer. Not since the day Case had humiliated him before the other wranglers.

The gray mustang had been mean. Tim sensed that even before he mounted. He had no real hope of breaking him, but he did think that at least he might soften him up for Case. Well, he had not even done that. It took no more than two or three contortions of the mustang's back to fling him to the ground.

Case had tried next. Tried was not really the word, for no sooner had he slung his leg up than the mustang seemed to sense his master. The steed had, of course, tried to throw Case, but even the animal knew the struggle futile and quickly abandoned it.

Tim could still see Case leaping from the back of the broken horse, and then swaggering to the corral rail where the ranch hands were

grouped. How many times had Tim gone over in his mind the words that accompanied the swagger!

"Reckon you'd better stick to bunkhouse chores, Tim," Case had boasted. "Takes a *man* to break a bronc."

Tim hadn't answered. In fact, he had never answered Case again, although an immediate apology had been forthcoming for the taunt. Case had not allowed the friendship to die easily. For months he had protested to Tim that his boast had been good-humored, and rendered in the flush of victory. But the wound had been too deep, and Tim never replied. Eventually Case had stopped trying, and so they had come to their present state of animosity.

But this rodeo would give Tim an opportunity for revenge. In the years that followed the birth of the feud he had deliberately ridden trails where his path would not cross Case's. He had sought out the best riders and meanest horses he could find and had learned well from both. Now he felt qualified and had returned to humiliate his rival.

Case, of course, was defending champion of the region, but he wouldn't be champion long Tim vowed. Defeating him would prove even sweeter than the snub he had been able to give him the night before. Case had spotted Tim's name on the entry list, and advanced with his well remembered grin and an outstretched hand.

"Howdy, Tim," he had said. "Sure glad you returned to these parts. I hope you've forgotten what a conceited little sprout I was before you left. I never meant any real harm—just a case of getting too big for my britches."

Tim had surveyed him in cold silence, then

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abruptly walked away. For a moment he had been tempted to shake hands, but the roots of revenge were planted too deeply in him. He'd never forgive! Well, maybe he would. But not until he had supplanted Case as top rider in this neck of the woods. There'd be laughs again, but this time not on Tim.

"Tim," Case pleaded, "I said I was sorry."

"Not as sorry as you're going to be, Mister, after tomorrow when I show you how to really break horses."

Tim's reveries snapped as he heard his name being bawled by the announcer, and obediently he headed toward the enclosure where the broncs were kept. Expertly he surveyed the horse he was to ride. Eyes blindfolded, it quivered with the impotent rage of a wild thing unable to strike back. Tim trembled with excitement, but confident in the knowledge that he had mastered tougher cayuses than this one, he sprang into the saddle.

In a moment the stall gates were opened, and Tim and the horse were struggling in the arena proper. The cayuse bucked furiously, employing every trick that instinct taught it to dislodge its hated burden. But it had no chance. Tim's estimate of his own skill had been founded on fact. No maneuver—no trick that this horse knew could unseat him. Let it storm wildly as it might, he knew he was master.

He sensed the resistance of the stallion abating somewhat. Oh, it would be some minutes yet before it was completely conquered, but the end was in sight. There was just one thing more he needed to make his revenge complete. Tim just *had* to see how Case was reacting to this display of horsemanship. Deftly timing the bounds of the bronc, he turned his head and sneaked a look toward the riders' enclosure.

Suddenly, he was flat on his back, gazing up at the sky.

As his head cleared, he realized his carelessness had caused him to be thrown. Tears of rage filled his eyes and escape dominated his every thought. He had to get out of here

before Case had a chance to gloat. Frantically, he sought to stand, but his left leg would not support him, and he toppled to the dirt again.

He fainted then and did not revive until he was bedded at the county hospital with a broken ankle. He groaned in anger as he saw how miserably his plot for revenge had failed. And all because he couldn't resist sneaking a look to see how Case was taking his moment of triumph. Case! He squirmed at the thought. Even now, he was probably being presented with the trophy emblematic of the championship. Minutes more and that big side of beef would be speeding here to offer false condolences—perhaps even to offer free lessons in the proper breaking of horses. History had repeated itself, and once more the ashes of defeat were bitter in Tim's throat.

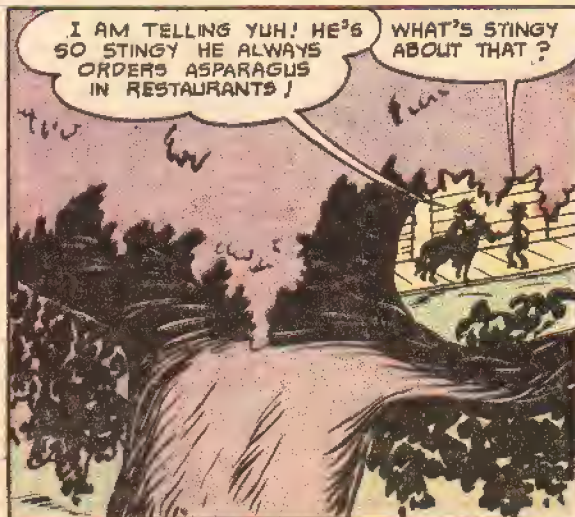
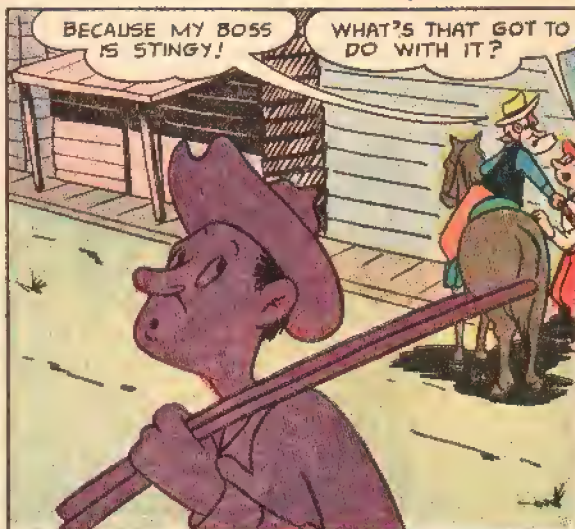
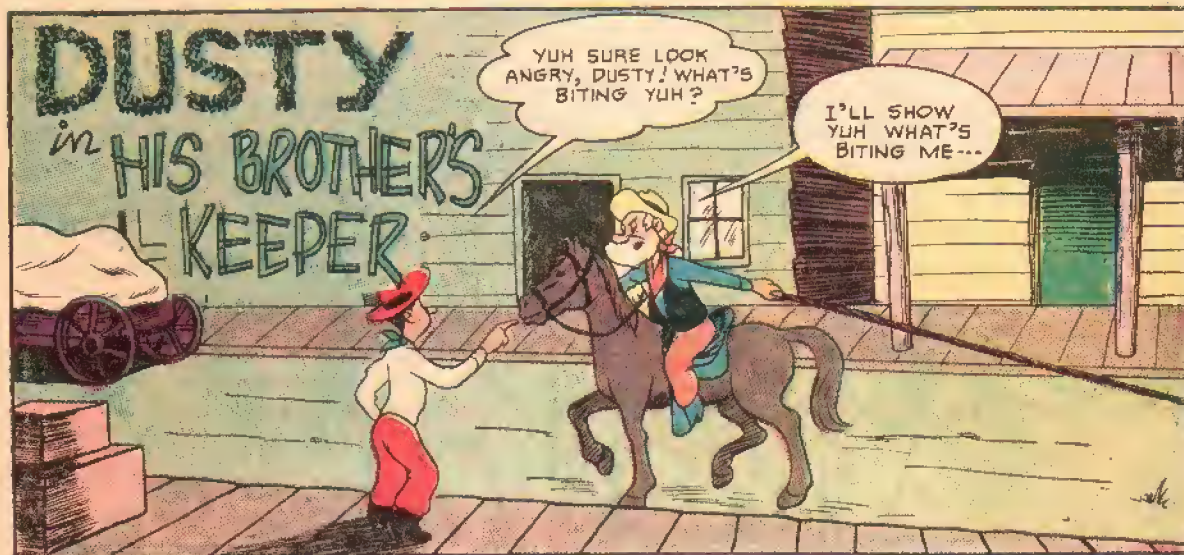
His hunch had been right. That was Case grinning in the doorway. Well, Tim would take it like a man. He'd take his riding—he deserved it. Yes, he's even shake the big hand that was being extended to him. He had failed, and he'd admit it. Let Case gloat, for he was truly the better man. It was only as he reached up to shake the proffered hand that he noticed Case had extended his left one, and that a sling supported his right. What had happened?

"TIM," Case said. "Just thought you might feel better if I told you the nag that threw you tossed me, too. Broke my arm in the bargain. Guess I'm not as good a rider as I thought I was."

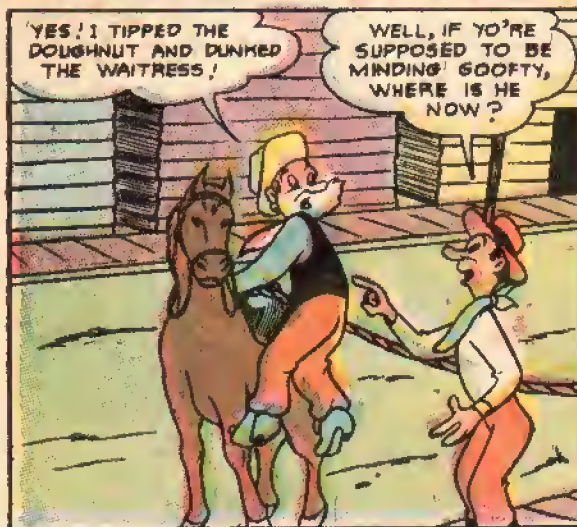
Soon they were laughing, recalling old times, and planning better new ones. The old friendship had been restored. The knowledge that even the mighty Case could take a tumble made Tim extremely happy. Yet, Case was even *happier*, for he knew what he had done was worth the sacrifice. Who had to know that he had deliberately let Tim's horse throw him? And what was a little old broken arm compared to a broken friendship?

THE END

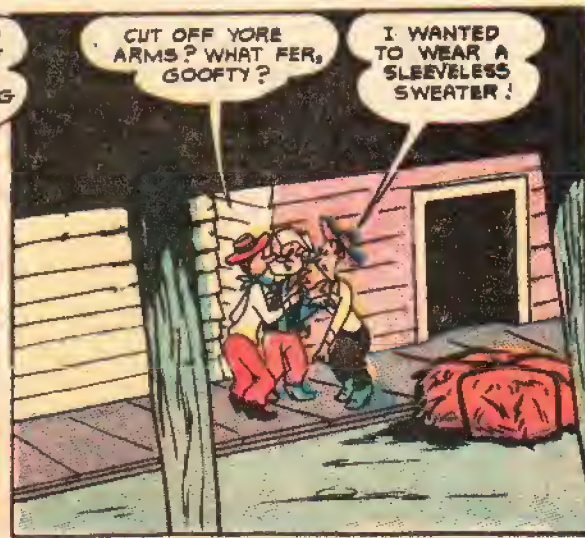
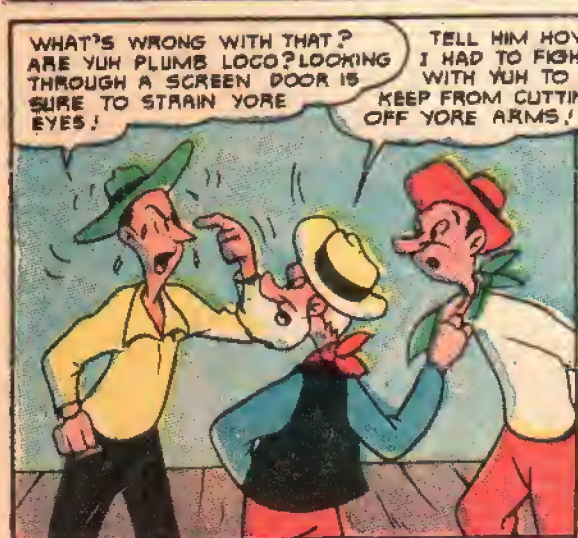
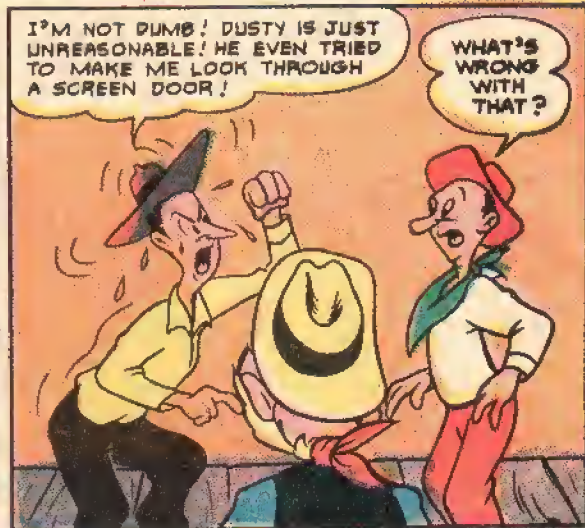
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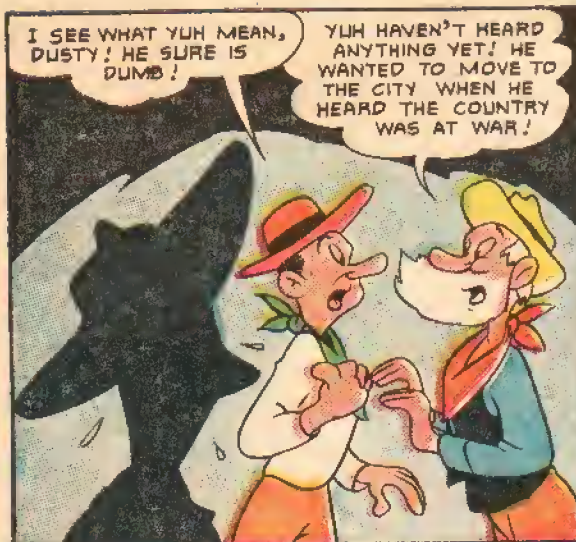
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HAPPY HOMER



CLINT HARMON

